Tell Elizabeth not to expect much dinner on Monday: She must have an egg with her tea. But ask the same she must come.

52, TAVISTOCK SQUARE,
W.C.1.
TELEPHONE : MUSEUM 2621.

Monday
29 May 1930

Merely a post card.

Don't keep Wednesday — because I can't be sure at all — Everything is very vague. We're going to Rodmell tomorrow, back Saturday, away again for Whitsun. I am, to tell the truth, rather harassed by all this business of Cooks & Charladies & Can't command my time: or sense: or pen. But I will write later.

Virginia

Sunday. 22nd June. 1930

O Lord, I have been such a wretch – never to write even a
card to thank you for the white flowers. You must have
thought your garden & then found two huge bouquets & then borne
them through Woking on a bicycle & then safe here in a taxi –
& I receive all this – with only a nod – dear, dear. And it is only
on Friday that they were withered. But I burned my nose
(Why do you like that long proboscis?) 10 times during
their deliciousness. And then I was up borne through heaven knows
what boredoms. Bless you, so I am now saying thank you.
I send back Elizabeth's very remarkable letter. What a
force & muscular mind she has! what a love the pleasure
into be made plain statements. & that it is this muscular
mind that believes in God. I shall try to see her, rather
alone if I can; & try to take her mind with my
Ennalei harrow; for she must be sown thick with all sorts
of seeds – I can't paint this image; I see her mind –
I see my mind; but I'm so hot, so shaky. I must leave it
there. I began this at Radnich, where we had a
Welsh Minister's daughter in dinner: should she take this
job, or that? The angelic Leonard went a deputation to her
father in Aberdeen, which I sat morning over my book,
furrows to be unfurrowed; & the 5 black letters biting

(Herself & Vanessa who lived together)

two. But it's an impossible book — my book. NYPL No I don't
mind like Enid; maybe for knowing the sequel, that she
married Jones & has a villa. And I did not mean, that I must
have said, that Lemn served 7 years for his wife — He saw me this
pm; & thought me an odd fish; & went N next day to Leyton,
with a vague romance about us both. And I heard Nowes [illegible];
how his hand trembled & he had bit his thumb through in a rage;
& Lytton said he was like Swift & would murder his wife; &
someone else said Woolf had married a black woman.
That was my romance — Woolf in a jungle. And then
I set up home alone with a brother, & Nessa married, & I
was rather adventurous, for three days; that is we were
legally very free — Elizabeth over the Emancipation &
mathematics hastily to us — but I was always legally
cowardly; & when walked over Mountains with Coasts as
you did, nor plucked ash flowers & hope in a branch as you
did. My terror of real life has always kept me in a
nursery. And much of this talking & adventuring in
London alone, & rising up to ask how with young men, &
saying whatever came first, was rather petty, as you were not
petty: at least narrow; circumscribed; & leading to
endless complications & intrigues. We had violent rows —
Oh yes. Used to quarrel much through London in mist
rage, & stormed thunderbend streets at night in white or

Rota 2-4-63

purple prose. And then I married, & then my brain went up in a shower of fire works. As an experience, madness is terrible I can assure you, & not to be justified at; & in its Lear I shall find most of the things one wants about. It It shorts out one everything shaked, finial, not in more dribblets as sanity does. And the six months — not three — that Klages tried taught me a good deal about what is called the self. Indeed I was almost crippled when I came back to the world, unable to move a foot in terror, after that disablement. Think — not one moment's freedom from Doctors disablement - hitherto strange — 'Conventional men: 'You shant read this' & you shant write a word' & you shall lie still & drink milk — for six months.

But enough. I must do what does not this. This is really a letter to thank you for the vast Cartoard boxes. How they must have bayed about in your third class railway carriage!

Virginia

June 26 1930

~~Dear~~ Thursday.

Oh this is such a bore — I've got rather knocked up — been out too much at night Leonard says — & have the usual headache — a pain shoots in the back of my neck. So I've had to take to dressing gown — Sofa & can't work. I shall be all right in a day or two: in fact I am better today; influenza a stealthy disease & prowls out ofs your ch'n chance. So I shant attempt your Concert: & I shant attempt anyway your letter. But do please write — I do like reading your letter; & will one of these days accumulate an answer. And tell me what the young man said about my hope that was so interesting to Eley: And ~~as~~ dont for goodness sake think that when I talk my mind a harrow, it is a good sense: no: I'm not his match at all, in mind. ~~But~~ About religion; about the right sense! I dont assent: I only lack. But here I must stop.

Lord — how I hate not being able to write!
All the heart of the book gone. But enough

I am sorry about the Concert
Tell me about it.

L.

Monday
July 1st 1930

52 T-S.

Leonard won't give you a ruthless & truthful answer —
that I'm quite well & we'll come — that's what I
Effect fond it true. But this is only to say that
I must have misled you about this particular headache.
There are 3 things: pain; numb; visionary; & this started
at pain, & only a little pain at that. And it's gone; &
I've been working, for me very hard. To continue
medical details, though I think them rather fearful, this
10 years ago I was seeing faces, & 5 min. years lying
like a stone statue, dumb to the core — (no it should be
blind, but words in a hurry) In fact, I am now
very much stronger than ever I was a small child, as
in proof of which, I had a perpetual temperature, after
influenza, for some years: this has gone; & a heart that
was always behaving 5-barred gate: that is now steady
as a cab-horse; & I don't get influenza nearly so
~~bad~~ regularly. Every week. I am (by the way) greatly
enlivened by your obliging & I suppose delicate

reference to "the tiresome Epoch in women's lives" for I had not yet begun to think about it, seeing what the mouth, to put it delicately, brings; no has Nena, who is 2½ years older & so should precede me through these mystic rites. Are you right in your Dates? And what does it feel like? Or are all your medical observations, as Mabel, bounded when the case of Pan – who is not really a case at all – is not? "There now" as you say "I won't refer to the subject again". – Unless you, being so terrifically psychologically minded like the analysts (oh Mant spell) of sensations. I am very glad about Beecham (Lady Cunard has asked us to dine) & hope you prodded him between the joints: & with I had heard the Gilt. How's Leonard with my Will. Who is to witness it? Do you want a legacy? And now I must write to 20 almost congenital idiots who ask me among other things to write novels with them about plots what seem to them (& they are Oxford dons. low I gather) so ~~just~~ suitable. The flowers still flower. What a good heart, it suddenly occurs to me, breaking humanly as I am also. You have – to care about my headaches

V.

Rote 2.V.43

Monks House
Rodmell.

Sunday
postmarked 6th
6th July 1930

Dear Ethel — what a party! what a triumph! I can only assure you that when I saw all those hands stretched over the gate I felt Jowan bring that out from Paradise. It was as it went on for hours after we left in the garden, under the roses. Wasn't a whole affair, rolling & trembling from melody to melody like some divine quartet — no, octet. First the meeting; then the golf; then the returning; then the supper, & all interwoven with so many extraneous melodies, & me so fascinating; Lady Balfour. Mrs Lyttelton & then the Champagne & then — oh millions of other things which I noticed at the time, but had hardly the leisure to taste, & now laugh out & brood over — Lights upon your life & Characters; sudden glimpses of buried truths which I had imperfectly dimly before. Lord! how I liked you! How I rejoiced in your Fortune! We are still talking of it. & saying "Do you remember the 1st night at Sheels — or Did you notice how ..." & so on. By the way, Leonard was more overcome than I've known him by any party these 10 years. He was so warm hearted in his praise of you that nothing on Earth (so slow & everlasting is he) will now change his

afternoon. Also he said he had seldom met anybody he liked better at first so off than Joyce Wetherell - He said he could have gone on talking to her for hours. He said he thought she had one of the nicest characters anybody could have — & so we soon. Now I must & spread my gun to 3 do a little very dreary work - books 2 articles & 1 ms: that makes my years income; but I can assure you it is hardly earned. I have to wrench my head to the left when it's looking to the right.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

32 Tavistock Sqr.

Home again, & found your letter. Nay, who were the people who fell in love with Leonard? Course. I rather like people doing that — yes; why shouldn't I come & be bored? I would like to — (no) don't suppose) say that I mean it once in a blue moon)

But my dear, what nobody, except you & darling Vita, is the difficulty of keeping one's atmosphere unbroken. If I could only live in my protected shell another 2 months, surrounded by the quiet, I could finish this splendidly irritating book. If I stay away, even between Tavistock adulterous visits, I break the membrane, & the fluid reaches — a disjointed image, drawn I think from the memory of Vanessa's miscarriage. & let the membrane break afterwards Still the same. I shall come, for a night! What a task.'

I was tremendously interested (here we are off on the party again, which is already classical, like the Jane Austen Box Hill party) by meeting Mrs Lytton. How the

[illegible] in my youth; though I don't think I ever saw her
She was one of Kitty Neyser stock instances of charm
interest, & as Kitty Neyser, my mother's greatest
friend's daughter, served as a foster mother in the
ways she would when we were left orphans in a
sea of half brothers, her words were held by us more than
[illegible] inspired. She was always talking of W. W.
And then, what an extraordinary charmer Mrs Ld Ribblesdale
only I was tipsy. And how Maurice sending me
her book & asking us to lunch. And here

a smart young man, called Beaton, notorious as a
Gate crasher at smart parties, asking me to be
photographed: Shall I?. He does Edith[NYPL] Sitwell in her tomb.

But I am rambling & running on this
heat, & must go & devour the remains of our lamb.
But why (to return to the party) this Rancour against
the boys? I thought it was a high bred, blue blooded boys-
Chick with the ichor of Isolde, I thought. Was
Elizabeth's golf so bad? Her figure was so splendid
like the Greek goddess at the Louvre that I forgot about
sending the back into a hole - I am no professional golfer -
you understand.

Rota in 4-43

KW

52 Tavistock Sqr. Friday. July 12. 1930

But that – ringing up on the spur of the moment – is precisely the method that does suit me, lovely as I am. Also to arrange to demand the car, is, in our much too organised life (unless one are always taking Maa with Paha merchant, or a shavering do Ludy has just ordered in with a huge portfolio of what I know to be sketches of seaside resorts) – that is far harder than ringing up on the spur. What I will do, I hope next week, is today three is a train that gets to Woking about 4: I will have tea & Duncan with Ja: we will talk – how heavenly – then I will catch say the 9.40 to Wkg & be home for Eleven o'clock bed. Ja will say, But than to lunch with Beecham – then I will say what about Friday – Vaunt at the moment love a morning, ridiculous as it seems – I am trying to get back, after a horrid burst of Journalism to Lytton, & there are sorry so badly, that at 1 I stop, I fall on my